

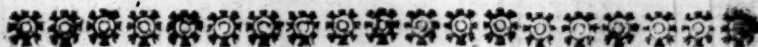
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A

True DIALOGUE, &c.

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THE DIALOGUE

A

THE DIALOGUE

(With the Poet)

THE DIALOGUE

A TRUE
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

3 1/6
THOMAS JONES,
A TROOPER, lately return'd from
GERMANY,

AND
JOHN SMITH,
A SERJEANT in the First Regiment of
FOOT-GUARDS,



L O N D O N:

Printed for B. C. in *Pater-noster-Row.*
M,DCC,XLIII.

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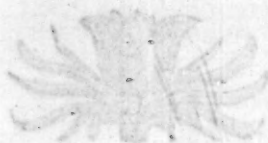
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A TRUE
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THOMAS JONES, *a Trooper,*
lately return'd from Germany ;
and JOHN SMITH, *a Ser-*
jeant, in the First Regiment of
Foot-Guards.

Serj. **W**HAT, are you here, Tom ?
Is it you ?

Troop. Yes, here I am, all that's left of
me.

B

Serj.

Serj. Why, you seem to be as whole as you went.

Troop. Yes, I have scap'd Scot-free, *Jack*, and yet I can tell you I was not one of the *Flinchers*.

Serj. But how came you here, *Tom*, are you discharg'd? We must have some Talk together.

Troop. Why, to tell you the Truth, *Jack*, I pick'd up some little Matter at *Dettin-gen*; and then perswaded my Officer to discharge me. But let's step in here, and take a Mug of Drink, and I'll answer all your Questions.

Serj. With all my Heart, as far as a Teaster goes I'm your Man. And we'll talk over the War; for I have seen as much Powder burnt out of *Hyde-Park* as another.

Troop. I know you have; why, you serv'd all the last War in *Flanders*, did not you?

Serj. All but the first Campaign. I listed in 1703, in the same Regiment I am now in, and was a Serjeant at the Battle of *Malplaquet*. But, prithee, tell me, *Tom*, why you have quitted the Service?

Troop.

Troop. 'S Blood, because no Man that has an *English* Heart in his Body could stay in it. Damn me, I'd rather be a Chairman here and carry *Englishmen*, than be us'd so Abroad by the *H———ns*.

Serj. Ay, I hear those scoundrelly Dogs made sad Work on't. I remember in the last War they were never good for any thing. But the † old Corporal knew them, and us'd them as they deserv'd.

Troop. I am sure they were not us'd as they deserv'd now ; for they were well-us'd. They had their Bellies full, while we were starv'd ; and the *English* could have nothing till the *H———ns* were first serv'd.

Serj. What cou'd your General mean by that? For to my Knowledge he had seen 'em run away in the last War ; and why wou'd he be so fond of 'em in this ?

Troop. Our General—— No, 'twas not he ; he wish'd 'em at the Devil as much as we did. But after *Somebody* came to the Army, he had no more to do there

B 2

than

† *The late Duke of Marlborough,*

than I. He's a brave, experienc'd old Officer ; and if his Advice had been follow'd, there wou'd not have been a Man left in the *French* Army by this Time.

Serj. Why, who the Devil was General, then ?

Troop. Not the Earl of *Stair*, I'm sure. For whatever he propos'd, was rejected. But there were two *H-----n* Generals, one General *Pumpkin* of the Horse, and *Ilton* of the Foot, who hinder'd the Guards from marching up to the Battle. They govern'd every thing ; and neither the Earl of *Stair*, nor any *E-----sb* Officer was ever consulted. You see he wou'd not stay in the Service neither ; and it cou'd not be a little Matter that cou'd make him leave it in the Middle of a Campaign. The Duke of *Marlborough*, I hear, will follow his Example ; and so must ev'ry one that has a Drop of *English* Blood in his Veins.

Serj. But what was the particular Reason of the Earl of *St---r*'s quitting ?

Troop. Every Reason in the World. He saw that the War was only made for the Sake of the *H-----r Troops* ; and that there was

was to be no fighting on Account of the *H——r* Troops. They were only to be paid, and not expos'd. They were to insult us, starve us, and disgrace us, which he would not bear, and so threw up like a Man of Honour.

Serj. By the Way, while I think on't, Prithee, *Tom*, is it true that *Somebody* wore the *Yellow Scarf* that Day, and threw away the *Red* one which was brought him.

Troop. True! — Yes, as sure as a Gun, for I saw it myself.

Serj. Why that's just for all the World, as if I should upon a Review-Day wear, instead of this *Red Sash*, the Leather Apron I used to wear at Home before I came into the Service. — But now we talk of the Service, pray why did not you pursue Monsieur *Ragou* after the Battle?

Troop. Why, Faith, that's more than I can tell you: All I know is, our *English* General was for it; and if we had, not a Man of 'em could have escaped. The Earl of *Stair* sent Orders twice for twelve Squadrons of *H——n* Horie, and twelve of *English* to pursue the *French*: But the *H——r* Officer refused as often to obey the Order of any *Englishman*.

Serj.

Serj. Damn him ; he ought to have been shot for Matiny ; you or I should for half as much.——But why did not the twelve Squadrons of *English* pursue 'em ?

Troop. Because, just as they were going, Somebody in a *Yellow Scarf* came up and forbid 'em, saying, *There was Blood enough spilt already*, and that he wou'd have no more.

Serj. 'Oons, what's a Battle for but to spill Blood ? But, you say, *Somebody* in a *Yellow Scarf* came up.——Why, where had he been all the while ? Was'nt he in the Battle ?

Troop. No, no. He was in the Wood with the *Right*, who were never engag'd.

Serj. So the *Yellow Scarf* was in no Danger of being the worse for wearing that Day.

Troop. No, except from the Cannon ; for there was not one Musket-Shot fir'd there.

Serj. Why did not you carry your Sick and Wounded off the next Day, instead of leaving 'em to the Mercy of Monsieur ?

Troop.

Troop. Because we were in too much Haste to get out of Harm's-Way : Besides, we were so hungry we cou'd not stay ; we had hardly eat for three Days.

Serj. Then, why the Devil did you get into a Place where you cou'd have no Provisions. It was your *English* General, by-the-way, that carry'd you to *Aschaffenburg*.

Troop. No, but it was not.— He had cross'd the *Mayne* at another Place, where the River behind us, had secur'd Provisions ; and he intended to have attack'd the *French* there ; as he could have done to great Advantage : But he received Orders from *H——r* to come back, and to go to *Aschaffenburg*. Then, as soon as *Somebody* came there, all the Contracts were taken out of his Hands, and he had nothing more to do.

Serj. When you march'd from *Aschaffenburg*, had your General no Intelligence that the *French* were passing the *Mayne* at *Selingenstad* to intercept you ?

Troop. From the Time that *Somebody* came up to the Army, you must not call the Earl of
of

of *St--r* our General.——For he had no more to do in the Army from that Day than I had. He knew nothing of our March to *Dettingen*, and the Command was given to a younger Officer, and a *Foreigner* too.——Lord *St--r* was in his Coach all the Time of the March, till he heard the *French* were coming to attack us, and then he immediately got on Horseback, and made that *Order of Battle* which sav'd us.

Serj. You expected to be attack'd in your Rear, didn't you, by the *French* passing at *Aschaffenburg*; and therefore the *Guards* were in the Rear?

Troop. No; by that very Thing, I believe, we did not expect it: For the *H——r* *Guards* were there too, who, to be sure, were to be spar'd; and they were all commanded by General *Il—n*, who, it soon appear'd, was either resolv'd, or order'd, to preserve 'em, as he call'd it; for they might have come up Time enough for the Battle, if he had pleas'd: The Duke of *Marlborough* press'd it, and all our Countrymen's Fingers itch'd to be at 'em: But General *Il—n* swore they shou'd'nt, and told the Duke he was his Commanding Officer.

Serj.

Serj. But pray, if it was pretended that we expected to be attack'd in the Rear; Why was the Command of the Rear left to a *H———n* Officer, had not we *English* Officers enough?

Troop. Ay, *English* Officers enough, — to be sure; but the *English* were not thought fit for any Thing. And it was always contriv'd that the *H———n* Officers should have the Command of ev'ry Thing. — Why that was the Reason, as I was told, why the *H———ns* had so much a larger Staff of General Officers, than ever mercenary Troops us'd to have; so that a very little Contrivance might always give them the Command.

Serj. This is very fine indeed. So we pay Troops to Command and Insult us, not to obey us.

Troop. Ay, to insult us with a Vengeance. — The *H———ns* would have taken away the Duke of *Marlborough's* Quarters from him one Day, tho' they were set out for him by the Quarter-Master-General.

C

Serj.

Serj. But he did not give them up, I hope.

Troop. No, he ordered his Men to fire upon the Dogs if they persisted.

Serj. That was right. And I dare say they went away then.

Troop. Ay, Ay, talk but of firing, and they'll go off sooner than their Pieces. If we were but allow'd to talk to 'em in that Way, they'd be humble enough.

Serj. They must certainly be sure of Protection, or they would not be so saucy.

Troop. Yes, and so they are. A *H*——
——*n* Soldier may better steal a Horse, than an *English* Officer look over the Hedge. The Day after the Battle, the *Prevost* was order'd to hang up immediately any *English* Soldier that he shou'd find a Thousand Paces from the Camp; while the *H*——s marauded as much as they pleas'd. Nay, the *Prevost* did not dare to report of any *H*——ns.—The *English* Troops were not even thought worth reviewing; and the

the Review always stop'd at the End of the *H———n* Line; and *Prince Charles of Lorrain*, when he came to us, was told the *English* were so shabby, they were not worth seeing; but he wou'd see 'em, and he lik'd 'em too.

Serj. By God, there's no bearing all this from such a Parcel of Scrubs, who never could bear to look their Enemies in the Face; and who this Time were afraid even of their Arses, and did not so much as dare to pursue 'em when they were running away. Pray how did the *English* Officers bear all this?

Troop. Why how could they help themselves! They were us'd as ill as the Soldiers, and were never spoke to.——But I beleive there are many of 'em that won't serve any more, if the *H———ns* are continued,——at least they said so.

Serj. But at this Rate, the *H———ns* can't be kept any longer.

Troop. God knows what the Parliament will do; but this I'm sure of, that 'tis impossible

possible for them and the *English* to make another Campaign together.

Serj. If they do, I hope the *English* will fall upon them first, and thresh 'em well; and then beat the Enemy afterwards.

Troop. You may depend upon that; for all the *English* Soldiers are resolv'd, if they are to have 'em another Year, to make the Camp too hot to hold 'em.

Serj. They'll serve 'em right; and that's easily done, for they won't stand much Fire. — They lost us the Battle of *Landen* by running away, in King *William's* War. Then they lost us *Landau* in the beginning of the last War, by refusing to March under the Prince of *Hesse*, to relieve it. And they run away so damnably at the Battle of *Malplaquet*, that *Orkney's* Regiments fir'd on 'em, and kill'd God knows how many of the Scoundrels. If you are to have 'em next Year, give 'em but one *Platoon*, and it will be in Nobody's Power to keep 'em.

Troop. That will certainly happen to 'em. For no *English* Spirit can bear such Usage. I have not told you half the Preference
that

that was shew'd to those damn'd Troops,
nor half the Affronts that were put upon the
English. It would make your Blood boil
within you.

Serj. Why then — Here's Confusion
to 'em — this Year in Parliament. You'll
pledge me, I'm sure.

Troop. Ay, with all my Heart; and I
don't see how any *Englishman* can vote
for him. — By Jove, if I was in Parliament,
and had a Regiment, I would lose it
sooner than vote for 'em, and so will ev'ry
Officer in Parliament, I believe — at least if
he would shew his Face in the Army after-
wards. I am sure any *English* Officer that
votes for 'em, will be hooted all along
the Line, and call'd MYNHEER HOCH
DEITCH.

Serj. Then 'tis to be hop'd we shall get
rid of 'em.

Troop. Ay, one Way or another; for if
the Parliament won't, the Army will.

Serg. They say you had an E——b
M——

M—— in the Army that promoted all this.

Troop. Ay, he was the Ringleader of it all; he talk'd *German*, dress'd like a *German*, and drank like a *German*; we call'd him the *Hanover* Hero, for he preserv'd himself all the time of the Battle with the Baggage, and would not so much as take one Look at the Fire; but was confoundedly frightened, and sent over and over for more Guards for the Baggage, tho' he could get none.

Serj. He must be mightily belov'd by the *English* Soldiery to be sure.

Troop. Ay, as the Devil loves Holy-Water, as they say.

Serj. 'S Blood! you have put me in such a Passion, that I have a great Mind to burn this brazen-fac'd *Hanover* Cap; for if we should go Abroad they'd take us for *H——ns*.

Troop. Not if you stood it, as I dare say you would.

Serj.

Serj. Come here's my Service to you.
 —You hear I'm call'd to the Guard,—
 We shall meet another Time.

F I N I S.

